

# The Omen HAVE A HAPPY HALLOWEEN!

Hampshire College  
Volume 17 Number 4  
October 26, 2001



# CONTENTS

From the Editor	3
The Voodoo That You Do	4
A Letter of Response	5
Results of the CRB Hearing	6
Of Lightning, and Other Ephemeral Things	8
Another Freaking <i>Omen</i> Article	10
Concert Celebrates Hampshire's New Recital Hall Piano	11
Recycle It: Or Throw It Away	12
Five College Random Encounter Table Supplement	12
Just Show Me Something I Can Believe	13
Olsen Twins' new album reaches #1, Satan wanted for questioning	16
My Soul Says Ouch: A Slam Poem In Protest	17
Zole Finally Loses It	18
Death To The Extremist XXI	19
Fear and Loathing in Joplin, MO	20
Creatures of Valley: Vol. 1	22
Oh So Sore...	24
It's All in the Haiku	25
Let's Fornicate With Me!	25
I Like Fudge	26
Screamin' Steven	26
I don't know, something with Rocco	27
On Activism	28

# Omen

VOLUME 17, NUMBER 4  
OCTOBER 28, 2001

## *layout & editing*

Beth Day  
 Christine Fernsebner Eslao  
 Dorian Gittleman  
 Alli Hartley  
 Sasha Horwitz  
 J. Wilder Konschak  
 Matthew Montgomery  
 Gabriel McKee  
 Karl Moore  
 Jeffrey Paternostro  
 Michael Benni Pierce  
 Saramoira Sheilds  
 Rosalina Valdez  
 Gwynne Watkins  
 Michael Zole

Owes DM Guide, has never played

Elf Cleric  
 Magic-User  
 Harlot  
 Illusionist  
 Half-Orc Fighter  
 Human Bard  
 Thief/HTML Expert  
 Cleric/Alumnus  
 Halfling Ninja  
 Philosopher/Thief  
 2nd level Film Fuck  
 Half-Elf Boating Enthusiast  
 Magic-User of Color  
 Cleric's Daughter

THE OFFICIAL STAFF DIRECTORY

Views in the *Omen* (5)  
 Do not necessarily (7)  
 Reflect the staff's views (5)

Cover by the *Omen* layout staff  
 Back Cover by Brooks Reeves



## to submit

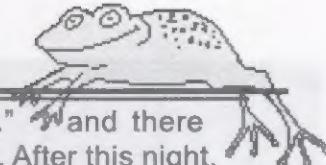
Submissions are due Fridays before noon. You can submit by diskette (Mac or IBM) in rich text or plain text format, and typed hard copies will also be accepted, reluctantly. Label your disks well and they will get back to you. Get your stuff to Michael Zole: Merrill B07, Box 853, x5303. You may also use e-mail (but please do not use attachments). Send plain text e-mail to [ajm99@hampshire.edu](mailto:ajm99@hampshire.edu). Finally, you may also drop documents in the WilderWorks *Omen* Folder on the CampusNet IBM Network.

And be sure to read our policy box  
 at the bottom of the next page  
 before submitting.

THEY DON'T EVEN GIVE OUT  
 TROJANS - THEY GIVE OUT  
 BABY-BE-CONES™.

ATTRIBUTED TO MICHAEL BENNI PIERCE  
 ON BATHROOM SUPPLIES

# FROM THE EDITOR



BY MICHAEL BENNI PIERCE

We go to the movies for a lot of different reasons. Most of the time, we are either looking to get away, looking for someone to sympathize with, or seeking an answer to a question or two that we just can't find elsewhere. Good movies are generally about the human condition, and this human condition is what brings audiences back again and again for the reasons listed above. We compare ourselves to the screen, using it almost as a mirror with which to compare ourselves. This is, for obvious reasons, unfair and disappointing since movies aren't real, but it is still able to give us a perspective that we did not have before.

For example, I am under the impression that the period of my life that I am currently in is that time when the main character is "growing," but nothing significant is happening. An example of this is the time spent in "The Princess Bride" with Wesley when he is learning to become the dreaded Pirate Roberts. If you think back, you realize that there is no part in the movie where you see him learning to be the pirate. In fact, it is this point in the film that is only alluded to later. I can honestly say that this time in my life will only be alluded to later. It has no real significance, other than the fact that time is passing, and I am getting older (and hopefully more mature).

I've been living in this delusion for quite some time now. Life was built upon work and play that was only meant for fleeting times. There is no lasting experience, no lasting mark that will scar my life. However, this all changed last Friday, October 19<sup>th</sup>. For one night, I felt alive again. I felt as if the story dissolved back,

reading "3 Months Later..." and there I was, three months older. After this night, I knew it would dissolve again only to redissolve back to me down the line, but I felt happy to be in the spotlight of my own movie once again.

On October 19<sup>th</sup> 2001, I experienced something that many people haven't, and most likely never will. I was lucky enough to spend the night at the Hartford Civic Center with Slipknot, System of the Down, Rammstein, and American Head Charge for "The Pledge of Allegiance Tour" (named before the September 11<sup>th</sup> terrorist attack). I didn't know what to expect going in. I had tickets on the floor, where you choose just how close to the band you want to be; but having never actually experienced the inner workings of mosh pits or slam dancing, I felt ill prepared and slightly out of my league.

Having finally arrived an hour late with my compatriot in crime Rosalina Valdez, we stepped onto the floor just in time for Rammstein's set. If there was any question about where I was or what I was doing there, they were answered by the bass-laden guitar and ultra violent techno beat of this German terminator. We waited as the band slowly rose together, and before we knew it, we were being pinpointed, one by one, with a laser, attached to the lead singer's face. Like the Borg watching their hive, he watched us, and then we watched him as his body burst into flames. We felt the heat, and the crowd became as one.

Rammstein played for the better part of 45 minutes, and performed feats of pyrotechnic genius that I had never before experienced even after three years of Ozzfests. And if that wasn't

MORE ON PAGE 14

The *Omen* is Hampshire's longest-running bi-weekly publication, established by Stephanie Cole in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion. Everything the *Omen* receives will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation.

The *Omen* will also not edit anything you write (except spelling and grammar), as long as you are willing to be completely responsible for what you say. You must sign your real name (no anonymous submissions) and

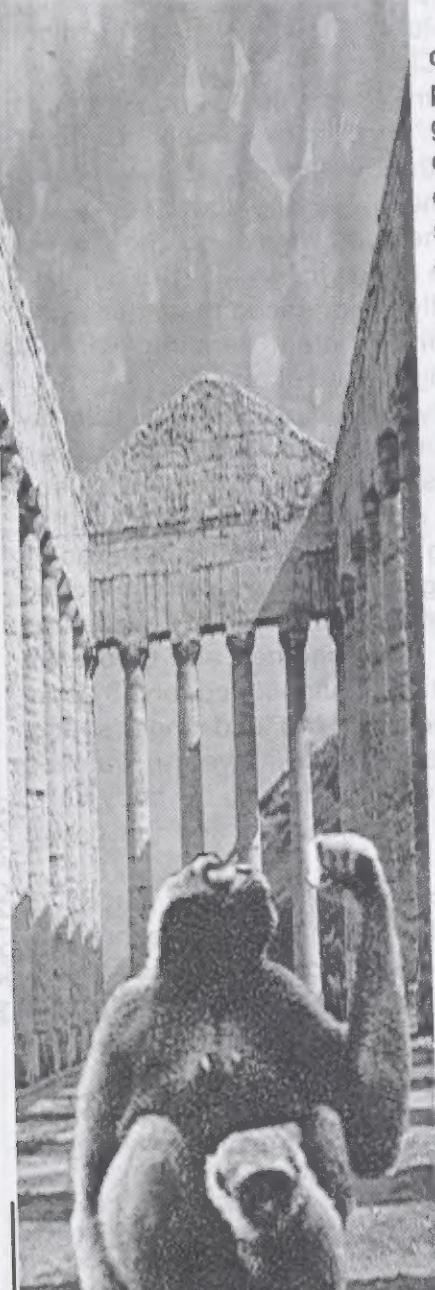
understand that you are responsible for what you say. Nonetheless, views in the *Omen* do not necessarily represent the views of anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

Columnists are those who've submitted three consecutive articles. Layout editors are those who've helped put this particular issue together. There is no *Omen* staff, the "staff" changes with each issue. To qualify for community service you must be a columnist and help regularly with layout. Layout times (and such) will be discussed at our meetings: every other Tuesday (each following the release of an issue), in the Airport Lounge, 9PM. Everyone, everywhere, living and dead, should come.

The *Omen* loves you.



# SECTION SPEAK



News, Commentary,  
Announcements,  
Propaganda,  
Editorials.

## THE VOODOO THAT YOU DO -- THE SCIENCE OF ZOMBIES

In 1985, Harvard botanist Wade Davis traveled to Haiti in hopes of finding the poisonous powder called "coupe poudre", allegedly the primary ingredient used in inducing the death-like trance in the process of zombification.

Davis' sponsors sent him believing that if the powder existed, it would provide valuable pharmacological uses. However, upon arriving at Haiti, Davis discovered there were more to zombies than this mysterious powder.

In Haitian and West African belief, a zombie or zombi, as the Haitians call it, is a re-animated, soulless corpse brought back to life by a Voodoo priest called a Bokor. The Bokor employs a mixture of poisonous powders and orally administers the concoction to the intended victim, who seemingly undergoes a death-like trance. The powder causes neurological damage primarily in the left side of the brain (responsible for memory, speech, and motor functions). In addition, the victim becomes lethargic and slowly appears to die. The victim's pulse and respiratory rate become so slow making them impossible to detect. Often, physicians mistakenly pronounce the victims dead upon arrival at the hospital. The victim is then subsequently buried alive. Afterwards, the Bokor exhumes the grave and reawakens the victim by issuing a special homemade paste orally.

Although the victim remains physically intact, the person's memory is apparently erased so the Bokor transforms the victim into a mindless drone, one who

will remain under the Bokor's power until the Bokor's death.

There are purported documented cases of real zombies. A man in Haiti named Caesar returned to live another 18 years to marry, have three children, and finally die - and this happened 30 years after he was originally buried. Another case involved a student from a village in Port-au-Prince who had been killed in a robbery attempt. Six months later, the student returned to his parent's home as a zombie. He told everyone in his village that a voodoo priest stole his body from the ambulance before it reached the hospital and transformed him into a zombie. Gradually however, the student became more and more lethargic and eventually died. A third case was reported by an eye witness, Stephen Bonsal, in 1912. According to Bonsal, he had seen a man die from a high fever and assisted in the burial. A few days later, the dead man was found dressed in grave clothes, tied to a tree, moaning. His wife and the doctor who pronounced him dead identified him. The victim recognized no one, and he spent his days moaning inarticulate words.

Davis discovered that the primary ingredient in the coupe poudre is "tetrodotoxin", a toxin found in the ovaries and livers of some species of Puffer Fish. According to Dr. E. Adler, a biologist, Tetrodotoxin "specifically and reversibly binds to a pocket on the outside of the sodium-ion channel in the peripheral nervous system. This blocks the channel so that  $Na^+$  cannot pass through, thus pre-

BY DOMINIC DAVID, CONTRIBUTOR

MORE ON NEXT PAGE

# A LETTER OF RESPONSE

Dear Sasha Horwitz,

In your last article, you argued that one could not properly use the word "sodomy" to describe anything except anal sex. I am just writing to inform you that sodomy is not necessarily synonymous with anal sex and that your argument over word choice is in fact a mere gripe not based on a clear understanding of the word. Sodomy, as defined by Webster's New Universal Unabridged Dictionary is: "1. anal or oral copulation with a member of the opposite sex 2. copulation with a member of the same sex 3. bestiality." And according to the "lectric law library," sodomy is defined legally (or at least used to) as, "[t]he crime against nature, committed either with man or beast." Anal intercourse is given as a second definition, but clearly the first opens the door for all sorts of possible sexual infractions —jamming one's dick in another's eye probably one of them. If I remember my health class from high school properly, the law defined sodomy as any sexual act which was not procreative. While one could argue whether fucking someone's eye-socket is an act of violence and aggression as opposed to a specifically sexual one, that will be left up to the lawyers and legal experts of our fine nation.



## THE VOODOO THAT You Do

## continuations

**FROM PREVIOUS PAGE** venting the reversal of polarity that constitutes the action of neuron transmissions and potentially shutting down the propagation of the nervous impulses," resulting in the total paralysis of the body.

Davis published his results in two books, The Serpent and the Rainbow and Passage of Darkness: The Ethno-biology of the Haitian Zombie. In both books, Davis asserts that zombies do indeed exist and are created in part by the poisonous powder.

However, according to him, the powder in itself is not enough to create a zombie. Herein lies the controversy, for Davis maintains that a person's physical and social surroundings play a vital role in zombification. The powder will have different effects depending on the victim's social status and economic prospects. Also, since Haitians have been predisposed to the notion and socially attuned to the possibilities of zombies, they are in effect, psychologically habituated to the desired effects of the drug. This supposition is the basis of the study of

ethno-biology, a relatively new field that is largely ignored and deeply contested by traditional biologists. Moreover, Davis emphasizes that these powders are not made according to a rigid formula. The Bokors themselves rely on trial and error. Therefore, fatal mistakes are frequently made, and sometimes the powder may be too potent thus killing the victim instantly, or they may be too diluted or weak, producing no noticeable effects at all.

In 1997, two researchers, British professor Roland Littlewood and Dr. Chavannes Douyon of Haiti, concluded that zombies are individuals with psychiatric disorders. In their studies, the researchers reported negatively on three individuals who were believed to be zombies. They found that the first subject suffered from a severe psychiatric condition called catatonic schizophrenia; the second person showed signs of brain damage and epilepsy due to an episode of oxygen starvation in the brain; and the third individual had a learning disability.

The interest in Haitian zombies has also led to increasing studies in theoretical models known as philosophical zombies. A "p-zombie" is a human body that lacks consciousness, and it is indistinguishable from conscious human beings. Such a notion has vast implications on our understanding of human consciousness and being.

Philosophers debate over whether a being should be conscious for it to be considered human. Zombies continue to fascinate and scare everyone: moviegoers, philosophers of the mind, biologists, and anthropologists alike. Indeed, the study of zombies has led to all sorts of interesting paths of inspection and speculation in academia and the curiosity will not abate soon.

The next time you're watching your favorite B-rated horror movie, remember how complex, rich, and diverse that ghoulish, putrid smelling, flesh eating monster that we all know and fear, the zombie.



# RESULTS OF THE CRB HEARING

The following letters were received by the accused, the complainant, their respective counsels, and the Dean of Students, Mike Ford, after the completion of the Community Review Board proceedings. The first is a report issued by the Board themselves. The second is a statement issued afterwards by the Dean of Students, who has the final word on the enforcement of the CRB's findings. Following these two letters is a response to the outcome written by those held responsible by the Community Review Board for the article in question.

October 4, 2001

To: Michael Ford, Dean of Students  
From: \_\_\_\_\_, Chair of CRB

RE: \_\_\_\_\_'s Complaint of 3/7/2001

[Omitted is the Board's report of the events of the hearing.]

## Findings:

After careful examination of the evidence presented, the Board finds that the tone of the publication, "We Accuse Council..." of 9 February 2001, was misleading in its depiction of the Community Council meeting and in particular of [the complainant] and his behavior at the meeting. His interventions were distorted. The publication, including the caption accompanying [the complainant]'s photograph, bypassed his attempt to raise an important issue and focused on the effect his comments had on the meeting. From the video the CRB could not determine the level of tension at the meeting. In passing, we would like to note that tension can be productive. From the evidence provided, the CRB concluded that the slant that the writers gave to their report of this meeting most likely resulted from conversations that they had had with a friend that had attended the meeting. Although that there was no evidence that there was intention to willfully distort their report, they were influenced by their friend's interpretation of the meeting. Friendship seemed to be the motivating factor that led the writers to slant the publication in question. The writers failed to practice and respect ethical standards of journalism.

- While the CRB could not find "a preponderance of evidence" to be convinced of the merit of the complaint, the hearing did convince the CRB that:

- Both parties in this dispute failed to fully appreciate the impact language and word choice, whether printed or verbal, can have on the perception and response of others. The use of loaded terms like "white supremacy" and "tirade" had the effect of impeding dialogue and caused wounded feelings even though this was unintentional.

- Despite The Omen's editorial policy, which is that anyone can write for it, there is a recognizable staff. The writers took advantage of the then current Omen policy to editorialize. The Omen staff needs to know and recognize that they have a responsibility for what they write and publish.

- Regrettably, the editors allowed unkind and thoughtless statements to be injected into what was otherwise a factual account.

- Other forums, such as Community Dialogue Project, may have served the issues raised in this dispute better.

**Recommendations:**

In its role as educator, The Community Review Board recommends the following:

- All the involved parties – [The complainant], Gabriel McKee, Gwynne Watkins, Christine Fernsebner Eslao, Michael Benni Pierce and J. Wilder Konschak – should participate in a substantive seminar, organized and facilitated by the Office of Student Affairs, on how to express ideas and avoid causing unintentional harm to others.
- The CRB strongly advises The Omen to revise its editorial policy, which currently allows anyone, but especially its staff, to set forth an interpretation, an opinion or a position on any subject *as if in* an editorial. The layout should clearly distinguish among news, articles, reviews, letters to the editor, and editorials.
- The CRB encourages Hampshire College to facilitate workshops or courses on media ethics for groups that produce and distribute public media.
- Judicial process requires that rules of procedure, rules of evidence, and the careful interpretation of policy be strictly followed. This may not be the most productive way to consider certain kinds of complaints. The CRB recommends that current Judicial Procedures: Formal Stage, number 4.b, be amended so that the Board is able to decide what is the most appropriate venue for a hearing. The judicial process may not be the most educational or productive forum to hear a dispute.

FROM: Michael D. Ford

RE: Findings of the Community Review Board

I have reviewed the Community Review Board's findings in the case brought by \_\_\_\_\_ against several writers and staff members of the Omen. In their findings they conclude that the preponderance of the evidence did not sustain the charge [the complainant] brought. The accused are therefore not guilty of the charge. There are thus no punitive sanctions to be levied against them.

The board noted as educators that the students involved in this case had very real difficulties dealing with their differences and disagreements. I appreciate the very thoughtful recommendations they forwarded which were designed to address some of the issues in this case and bring about more effective interactions on our campus in general. Accordingly, I will do the following:

- Arrange for a panel or discussion focused on the ethics of journalism in consultation with appropriate staff and faculty.
- Work with staff members of the Omen publication to be sure that their editorial policy is articulated in a clear fashion and published prominently in this periodical.
- Work with others to create an approach to dialogue in our community that allows us to deal with differences as well as values that we agree upon. I will attempt to initiate a community-wide practice that would be broadly inclusive and allow for greater participation than would a seminar. My ideas are at an early stage of development. I would welcome any suggestions offered.

In closing, I hope the results of this hearing contribute significantly to the development of an atmosphere for real dialogue. If I am able to implement the CRB's recommendations and achieve what they intended, their contributions would be even more lasting.

**The Response of the Accused:**

We felt it important to publish the findings of the Board in order that this issue not be kept in the dark. The *Omen* is a community publication and we feel that the community thus has a right to know the outcome of any event that potentially threatens the *Omen*'s nature and existence. Furthermore, we had mentioned the CRB charges in previous issues of the *Omen*, and feel that it is important for further information regarding it to be disseminated by the same means, rather than by rumor and hearsay. We would also like to note that, although Student Affairs keeps the findings of CRB hearings confidential, *Non Satis Non Scire* clearly states that the complainant[s] and accused student[s] of such hearings are *not* bound to secrecy.

We believe that, though the Board did not find us guilty of the charges brought against us, their conclusions show an incomplete understanding of both the article in question and the *Omen*'s editorial policies in general. In particular, we find the second point of their findings troublesome and unclear—frankly, we don't even know what it means. Every issue of the *Omen* clearly states our editorial policy, which includes the very clear statement that every submission is the opinion of the individual author (or authors). We would also like to add that we *did* take responsibility for what we published—if we hadn't, we would not have participated in the hearing.

We also find it strange that, though the Board did not find “a preponderance of evidence” to be convinced of the complaint's merit, it nonetheless recommended a sanction, a “substantive seminar” on how to “avoid causing unintentional harm to others” (a problematic concept in its own right). The significance of this recommendation is muddied by the fact that the sanction was recommended for the complainant as well, but we nonetheless see an incongruity in this recommendation—if the complaint was not found to have merit, why was this “seminar” recommended? Thankfully, Mike Ford upheld the Board's findings regarding the complaint's lack of merit, and thus imposed no sanctions.

As to the Board's second recommendation—that we clearly state our editorial policy—we do. Our policy box, which appears at the beginning of *every issue*, very clearly states that every submission to the *Omen* is strictly the opinion of its author[s]. We even went an extra step, including the “*Omen Haiku*” on our contents page—“Views in the *Omen*/Do not necessarily/Reflect the staff's views.” The haiku is somewhat misleading, as the *Omen* has changed its staff policies significantly in the last few months, but if anyone can think of another five-syllable line that carries the same general meaning, we'd be glad to hear it.

We also wish to explain the meaning of the Board's fourth recommendation, with which we wholeheartedly agree though its wording is somewhat obscure. The Board, in this point, officially requested that Student Affairs change the procedures for dealing with Community Review Board complaints so that disagreements such as this one do not come to the point of a hearing. The Board wants Student Affairs to expand the possible avenues for resolving such complaints so that judicial hearings are reserved for cases that cannot be resolved in any other way. Complaints such as the one brought against members of the *Omen* would be more satisfactorily resolved through mediation than through judicial proceedings, and we applaud the Board for recognizing this and suggesting changes.

In closing, we would like to thank the members of the Community Review Board and everyone in the Office of Student Affairs, especially Renee Freedman, Laura Vitkus, and Michael Ford, for their time and patience in carrying out these procedures, and for doing so in a responsible and fair manner.

Christine Fernsebner Eslao

Gabriel McKee

Gwynne Watkins

Michael “Benni” Pierce

J. Wilder Konschak



# OF LIGHTNING, AND OTHER EPHEMERAL THINGS

BY CHRISTOPHER ELEND'L BRAAK, CONTRIBUTOR

I was walking my dog in June. He's dead now; I made the decision to have him killed. He was in pain; he had been for months. I was alone, and afraid, and I didn't know what else to do. I can convince myself that I made the right decision, but sometimes I wonder if I just chose to do it because it was convenient. I wonder whether I genuinely cared for his well-being, or I simply created the semblance of that care, to cover my own feeling of helplessness. I suppose I'll never really know. But I have digressed from my purpose.

featureless red stain on the sky, but a thing of itself; a perfect, isolated object. A thing with curves and shapes, shades of color, identity, so rich in detail that I cannot see it all but still I know it's there. Then, the clouds are beautiful. Before, they are enticing; the thunder suggests things to us, the red clouds speak of hidden mystery. Afterwards, they are fascinating; the memory of the light seems impossible. How could such a thing have become part of this featureless skyscape? But when the light is there, the clouds are beautiful, because we can see them.

to see it again. If it is right, if it is meet that they should be together, then when they touch, they are like clouds. They produce a friction, an energy, that creates these momentary bursts of light.

This is an energy so great that if we could catch it in a bottle it could power the world forever. These moments of beauty are far more precious than a glimpse of Nirvana, than a saint's vision of God. These moments are the greatest power in the world. They are the closest thing to the Divine that we can achieve; because we see with the eyes of God.

I was walking my dog, and I saw a thunderstorm pass by; absurdly, it made me think of love. Watching the sky, I saw the clouds, lit by the streetlights and city lights, a red blur against a black vault. They were featureless, smooth variations in the color of the sky; nothing by themselves. I heard the rumble of thunder, and I shivered. Thunder is a thrilling thing; it is ominous, dislocated. It is a sign, a signal of things to come, but it does not warn us of where, or even when. It simply speaks to us, in its deep, rumbling voice. "Soon," it says. "Soon."

We see them in the height of their glory. That is love. I can imagine two people. They see each other every day. They are familiar to each other, so that each blends into the complex landscape of each other's lives. They are no more distinct to each other than anything else.

That is love. I can imagine them in the height of their glory. That is love. I can imagine two people. They see each other every day. They are familiar to each other, so that each blends into the complex landscape of each other's lives. They are no more distinct to each other than anything else.

That is love; the moments of perfection that we see in each other. And it is lucky that they are moments. I imagine this power, as great as it is, these moments of divinity that can conquer any force in the world. To stare at

**AND UNDER THIS  
LIGHT, ALL THINGS  
ARE BEAUTIFUL; SHE IS  
BEAUTIFUL.**

Then, there are the flashes of lightning. They are not always forks, or streaks, cracks in the vault of heaven. Sometimes they are merely coronas, crowning banks of clouds. And in the moment of the flash of lightning, a cloud is illuminated. For a fraction of an instant, the cloud is no longer a piece of the light, a bolt of understanding, revealed in all her glory. Every detail, perfect. Every aspect, every minute fragment of being is displayed clearly, lit by this burst of understanding. And under this light, all things are beautiful; she is beautiful. She is perfect. And the memory lingers in him, so that he longs for too long. Perhaps we were not meant to see at all. But we do, and it is the most precious thing that we can have. It gives us understanding of the Divine. When we love, we all are prophets.

AND UNDER THIS  
LIGHT, ALL THINGS  
ARE BEAUTIFUL; SHE IS  
BEAUTIFUL.



# ANOTHER FREAKING OMEN ARTICLE

BY MATTHEW MONTGOMERY, COLUMNIST

**S**o I found a neato band. Oddly enough, I found out about them through spam. Yep, I got spammed by a band, which was a new experience for me. Usually, it's porn, or penis enlargement offers involving tantalizing subject lines such as "YOUR DICK AS BIG AS A CLUB," or (my personal favorite), "A DICK SO BIG YOUR GIRLFRIEND EXPLODES." I got another amusing one recently that went something like "RIP HOLES APART WITH YOUR HUGE COCK." While my cock is indeed constructed from a material like unto thunder, contrary to what the sender assumed, I do not take pleasure in ripping holes apart with my huge cock.

But yes, the band. They're called Abandoned Pools, and I like the way they sound. They're sort of a like a cross between Radiohead, with some generic alternative thrown in. Also, they have some endings that end like the Smashing Pumpkins, with some lines that sound like them too. I don't know about you (and depending on who you are (or are not), I may (or may not) care (nested parentheses! rock!)), but that's a good thing. From this point, I could say screw you if you disagree with me. However, it would be silly, so I won't. No, instead, I'll head to the next topic.

So has anyone else had a hard time coming up with Correspondence Procedures? There are obvious ones, but those tend to be the least flexible since they're designed for a specific effect, usually implementing a specific kind of device. Oh, well. I should think about it more, and so should you.

That person in the Collegian was nuts. He was talking about how it dishonors fallen soldiers and veterans to protest war in general. Unfortunately, Hampshire people are kind of nuts, too. What the fuck is wrong with being sad about thousands of people dying, regardless of their nationality? Death is death, dammit.

There, politics! Exciting, but repetitive. It seems like a lot of people wish Hampshire was like high school. The problem is, everyone agrees with everyone else, and when they don't, it's a knee jerk reaction.

Gah, look at it! It's politics! It sucks you in! All right, time to talk about something stupid. Something stupid ... something stupid ... Aha!

I made a UT level for a class. It was fun, and it was kinda neat, although it wasn't as good as it could have been. Then again, it was my first multiplayer level for any sort of shooter. Ryan Moore put in teleporters, and they were blue, although when you clicked on them, they turned green. It was odd. The green was odd. The editor was annoying; I prefer DromEd, or DromEd2 (the Thief mission editor, or the one for Thief II).

So, I'm running a Technocracy game. It's neato thus far because all of the characters and players are extremely neato. This'll be my 'second' run; I tend not to count the first one because, well ... it was only a practice! This is a redo! Or something.

I have a new kind of nail polish. It's called Fiery. Next comes Ghoul.

Maybe I should be a woman again for Halloween. The problem is, everyone grabs my breasts,

especially the females. What the hell is that all about? It's not like I run around inspecting theirs for authenticity!

Mostly, I'm just writing this article so I can have a column. I don't know why I want a column. It's like trying to beat a video game; you know you can do it if you persevere enough, and even though you're using an emulator to load and save your game, it's still something of a challenge.

It's a challenge because I'M BUSY this semester! It's fucking creepy! I have many classes, and much work, and things to do. I don't like it very much, although I have to respect the feeling because it's a relatively new one. My mom sometimes tells me that I sound like an adult, which I consider to be a bad thing. I've always been dead set about becoming an adult, but somewhere along the line, I got good at looking self-assured.

Do you know that feeling? You were forced into doing something, and now you're used to it. You run your own schedule, and your decisions have a serious impact on how your life plays out. It's eerie. I'm not entirely sure I'm prepared for it; I'd aimlessly wander the halls (I meant to type halls, but ha, that's amusing; I love these little misspellings, these missteps of meaning) of academia forever if I could, and I guess a lot of people do. I'm going to miss gaming, lemme tell ya.

I often wonder what things after are going to be like. Oddly enough, I end up wondering more about who I'll be gaming with, whether or not I'll be able to game with my friends, than the changes the Real World will inflict upon my life.

Ehm... maybe I've rambled on

# CONCERT CELEBRATES HAMPSHIRE'S NEW RECITAL HALL PIANO

BY DAN INGLIS, CONTRIBUTOR

**A**MHERST- Sunday, October 28, join in a celebration of Hampshire College's new grand piano. An exciting program featuring a diverse array of musical styles will showcase music students from Hampshire College as well as 5-College music students and faculty and other special guests. The free concert starts at 7:30 p.m. in the Hampshire College Music & Dance Building Recital Hall.

Representing the wide variety of musical styles that define Hampshire's unique music program, the concert will feature Hampshire students performing classical repertoire, jazz, impro-

visations, works for piano with other instruments and voices, other ensembles and solos, and original student compositions.

Hampshire student Danny Holt (Mozart Madness!, The Lost Music of James Welsch, Vexations) will perform the world premiere of Lona Kozik's "Suite of Carnatic Rhythms". Nick Underhill, who graduated from Hampshire in 1976, and is now a pianist, composer and teacher in Cleveland, will perform his original composition "Coreopsis". The concert also features music of Elaine Broad, the newly appointed conductor of the Hampshire College Chorus.

Replacing Hampshire's old

Steinway, the new Yamaha C-6 was purchased last May. Now residing proudly on Hampshire's Recital Hall stage, the new piano will be officially unveiled on Sunday night's concert. It will provide Hampshire students and others in the 5-Colleges with a valuable resource.

The new piano and the Piano Celebration Concert are made possible by: COCA, the Leadership Center, COCD, Hampshire College Community Council, the President's Office, and the Hampshire College Music Program.

For more information, please contact Dan Inglis at (413) 559-5297.



## ANOTHER FREAKING OMEN...

long enough. If this turns into a column, expect nothing. Nothing! I can't guarantee anything, because I'm lazy and weird about writing something like this. What are people going to think? I'm so paranoid about that. Is this too stupid? Too pretentious? Is it even worth reading? Oh, well; screw it. (And then there's the awkward silence as someone says they liked my article. Trust me, I am grateful if you do, and if you don't, well, ehm ... serves you right for reading it? No, seriously; this isn't meant to be anything. Don't think about it and move on to the next page because there's nothing worth remembering here. (Everything's an emotional investment with me. Yep, everything. I can't even be

funny without worrying. However, unlike many writers, I lack the audacity to simply say "deal with it." Instead, I continue writing until I get sick of it.))

Anyway, maybe I'll write about Starcraft in the future, maybe I'll write about Mage. I've thought about putting some stuff I've written, but I can never decide on the tone. I'm always inclined to make them sound academic because that's a great way to organize your thoughts, but at the same time, I end up getting annoyed trying to organize it and such, so I end up giving up. We'll see how that pans out. When Morrowind comes out, and after I take it out of my pants, I will probably talk about that

(FIVE YEARS, dammit! FIVE FREAKING YEARS!). Other than that, have a wonderful time with whatever the fuck it is you're doing; you'll be fine, or maybe you won't. I dunno. Or, as the Starcrafters say, "gl, gp" (I'm inclined to just leave it at that, but I worry occasionally that no one will read this if they don't understand it ... so, for those of you who don't know, "gl, gp" means "good luck, going private." It's usually said before a team game goes underway, indicating that players are going to concentrate on the game and communicate only with their respective teammate(s)).

So, to reiterate, "gl, gp." May all of ur pp1 not be 114|V|42.



# RECYCLE IT: OR THROW IT AWAY

BY ALEXANDER PETROFF (A.K.A. MARK N. ENGLISH)

**A**s we grow up in the twenty first century, and set on the market to meet the demand. Then, say that our planet will become increasingly covered with ninety of those units are recycled and ten go to the land away culture that we are a part of. And it is to be sure that during this time we will hear more and more about the necessity for recycling, from TV, radio and even those who we know. The question that must be raised however is this; is recycling necessary, or is it a short term strategy that could be making the problem of increasing landfills worse.

To understand why recycling could be harmful let us look at aluminum, an element which every American citizen is familiar with and recycles on a weekly basis. Say, hypothetically, that each year the market demands one hundred units of aluminum. The first year, say that one hundred

units are mined from the earth out of aluminum, or, it becomes too uneconomical to mine them? The solution is this; at that point miners move their enterprises to the mines of the future, the land fill.

Eventually the world's mines will run out of aluminum, and other resources, and at that point the industry will move to the landfills, there it will separate, melt down, and reprocess those same materials that their ancestors mined long ago. And at that point the days of the land fill are numbered. The sooner we as a people reach that point, the better. If we recycle our processed goods

**THE QUESTION MUST  
NOW BE ASKED, IS  
THIS PROGRESS?**

now, the landfills will stay untouched and unsightly possibly for a thousand years. However, if we do not recycle, the world's mineral resources could very possibly be uneconomical to mine in our lifetime, leaving a cleaner world for our grandchildren and great-grandchildren.



## FIVE COLLEGE RANDOM ENCOUNTER

### TABLE SUPPLEMENT

In lieu of the regular article I've been too sick to write, you get a pointless continuation of a rather obscure inside joke. However, to those poor gamers excited over the publishing of the Five College Random Encounter Table but sadly lacking access to a 1st Edition Dungeon Master's Guide, I bring you the description of the "Rake", excerpted from page 192 of the aforementioned book:

"Rake encounters are with 2-5 young gentlemen fighters of 5th to 10th level (d6+4). The rakes will always be aggressive, rude, and sarcastic. There is a 25% chance that they will be drunk."

This information, in addition to the previously published "Harlot Random Encounter Table,"

can be used to supplement the Five College Table. In this scenario, you need only to change "Frat Boy" for "Rake" and you have a ready-made random encounter, sure to bring spice and excitement to your pitiful existence. Enjoy.



# JUST SHOW ME SOMETHING I CAN BELIEVE

BY MICHAEL GOODMAN, CONTRIBUTOR

**A**s a first year who hopes to concentrate in film here at Hampshire, I often find myself concerned about people's ideas of what makes a film a great piece of art. To me, great films are those that are trying to be an honest form of human expression. Films that attempt to tell us something about ourselves that we maybe didn't know. Films that touch our minds and our hearts simultaneously in ways we didn't think imaginable. These are the films that we should be praising as great cinematic masterworks, films that can do these things. I mean, I'm not sounding unreasonable here, am I?

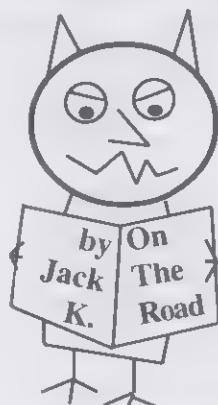
A lot of people would consider "American Beauty" a great contemporary work of art. There must be someone else who just can't get by how unrealistic and fake the whole thing seems. I mean, I can't be the only one here can I? If life was about simple problems and simple solutions, than I could see where people were coming from. I know I'm alienable. These are the films that we should be praising as great cinematic masterworks, yourselves a question. Do you really think you are as cool as Kevin Spacey was in that film? You're so cool that you can

So why is it that films that we love to worship as great art almost NEVER fit the criteria I mentioned above? Well, at least to me they don't. I can think of a couple of reasons why right off the back, one being that the film industry loves to promote crap as being great and the American public is strategically duped into believing it. Of course, the film industry is only usually

looking to make a buck any-way, plus it's easy to blame others. I prefer to look towards myself for answers. I will attempt to explain (it's not that complicated, really). Now one might think that being a bunch of "individuals" here at Hampshire we'd all be able to see through all the film industry's propaganda, and people here do like some interesting films. However, when it comes to picking out the truly great pieces of art, even the knowl-

edgeable can be just as mis-lead as the mainstream public. A lot of people would consider "American Beauty" a great contemporary work of art. There must be someone else who just can't get by how unrealistic and fake the whole thing seems. I mean, I can't be the only one here can I? If life was about simple problems and simple solutions, than I could see where people were coming from. I know I'm alienable. These are the films that we should be praising as great cinematic masterworks, yourselves a question. Do you really think you are as cool as Kevin Spacey was in that film? You're so cool that you can

about ourselves we'd rather not see. As a personal example, I used to be part of an independent film club where we'd screen movies and talk about them. One week we watched a film entitled "A Little Stiff" (no, it wasn't a porn), a little known flick by Caveh Zahedi and Greg Watkins about a guy who hopelessly follows around a girl he is infatuated with. He makes a moron out of himself at nearly every turn. When we discussed the film, I just wanted to trash it. It really grated at me, I hated sitting through it. Over time, I came to appreciate it for not being afraid to show us like we really are, even if it's not always pretty. But the point is, it's easy to see why people like films like "Fight Club", because they give us something we want, easy solutions to over-inflated problems. But what we want, is almost always not what we need. What we need is the truth.



*The Article Goblins  
Read Beat Literature*

**CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3**

enough, the show ended after one of the most blatantly sexual sight gags I have ever seen. After seeing this, I can only wonder what the song was really about ... for it certainly left a mark on my brain. Towards the end of this particular song, the lead singer produced the bare buttocks of one of his band members (the keyboardist). Then he proceeded to open his fly, push his hand inside of his pants, and pull a phallus out and "jerk" it until there was white liquid pouring all over himself and his band mate. I was horrified, yet could not look away. The fact that I was seeing this broke my barriers down, and I was ready for whatever might come next.

This was a good thing, since System of the Down was scheduled to follow.

The stage was slowly transformed during a twenty minute cool down period, and Rosie persisted that we move closer

to the stage for their set. I just followed, since she was better at pushing people aside than I was. We were finally about fifteen feet away from the front of the stage when they began. Their music was generally faster than Rammstein's, so I was certainly expecting some heavy mosh pits. However, the

beast I faced as "Prison Song" began wasn't flailing arms or spinning elbows. No. What I faced was the evil demon of suffocation, dehydration, and general discomfort. Note to self: leave personal bubble at home next time. For seconds on end,

you couldn't breathe. You suddenly find yourself attached to a mass of humans around you, all pressing together as if

and there was a moment of respite, but the second song followed immediately, and again, I was forced to find moments to breathe and moments to hold my ground to keep from falling. I was frightened ... but loving every minute of it.

System of the Down's stage performance was focused mostly upon the video screen in the background, showing bizarre loops of all kinds of footage. Anything from insects to machinery to anime was shown in connection to the song. In fact, I'd like to thank the Hampshire Alumni Reel for most of the footage I saw. Hampshire Alums *can* do something after graduating here.

(cough) Well, it might not have been Hampshire work, but it certainly seemed like it could have been.

After an hour of song after song (probably 15 overall), SOTD concluded their set with



RAMMSTEIN BLOWS THE AUDIENCE AWAY.

first album, bringing the crowd together in one last heated harmony. With a mooning from the lead guitarist and a middle finger from the lead singer, they departed, and the crowd was released from the grip of the heat, the fatigue, and the steadily growing soreness ... but this would only be temporary. Slipknot was on their way.

Within seconds, a large tapestry fell before us, keeping our prying eyes away from the setup for the last

act of the night. A huge pentagram, with the Slipknot insignia in the center of the black fabric, casting an eerie shadow upon us floor dwellers. We waited, and waited. You couldn't leave. You couldn't get water. You didn't want to. You had to see this through from beginning to end. No amount of human comfort was worth giving up your spot. We still waited, and waited over a half hour before the low roar of guitars soon penetrated

the silence of the arena.

The house lights went down, and we were faced with shadows upon the tapestry. We could see the band looking at us, and could hear the steady build-up of instruments, but we were forced to wait. I don't know how long it lasted, but it didn't matter. The curtain finally fell, explosions went off, and nine masked faces stared at us. Mezmorized, the crowd once

again pressed forward.

I was amazed by their use of color on stage rather than video (such as SOTD) or pyro-technics (such as Rammstein).



"CAN I GET A WOOP WOOP?"

Instead, they used the power of lights, and motion, and sheer number to make their show as powerful as it was. During one song, what looked to be small flakes of snow were even blown all over the set, and it was dazzling. Yellows lights from above, blue lights from below, the startling array of nine members singing, dancing, drumming, simulating sexual acts, etc. could not be captured in this statement or any other. You just had to be there.

The performance lasted well over an hour, but within that time, the lead singer thanked the fans multiple times. He also thanked everyone who had provided to the relief fund for the World Trade Center attack. After one song, he even shut the audience up to discuss a very serious topic. This topic had to do with the increasing number of hate crimes in this country. He tried to explain that we

should not be attacking our own. We should not be attacking the innocent. He took the love that the crowd had for him and his band, and transformed that into a positive message that I'm sure at least some of the audience took home with them. At least, I hope so.

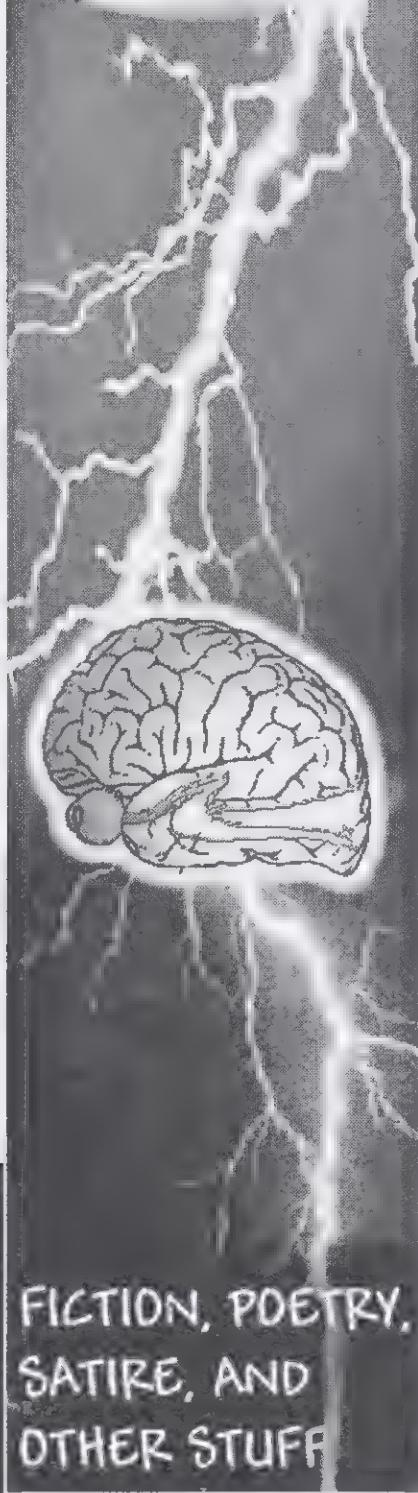
After he made this announcement, they entered another classic song off of their first major album release, and I couldn't help notice that my shirt had been torn in a scuffle. Seeing no reason now to keep

myself out of the pits, I threw my body into the open area of human forms attempting to fight for dominance of the circle. Yes, I hit my head, multiple times. Yes, my shirt was completely ruined. Yes, I have marks all over my body and I'm still sore a week later. But will I ever forget this night? I don't really think I need to answer that ...

Looking back, I ponder what I learned. What did I learn? Well, I learned that if I ever go to a show like that again, I must do the following: 1) do not eat something a couple hours beforehand, 2) wear a pair of beat-up shoes with straps instead of laces, 3) have ice cold water waiting for me out at the car for after the show, 4) wear a white cotton t-shirt inside (something you won't mind getting blood or worse on), and 5) don't be afraid to have a good time.



# SECTION LIES



FICTION, POETRY,  
SATIRE, AND  
OTHER STUFF



OLSEN TWINS'

NEW ALBUM REACHES #1.

## SATAN WANTED FOR QUESTIONING

**A**merica has gone to poop. And on her journey into the stall she walks past a beautiful gift from the intern gods. Holy and sometimes labeled, my friends I speak of the Condom Bin. Hush thine trumpets and fanfare, for behind such graceful intentions hides a quandary for the inquisitive. I ask you, educated Div-IIs IIs and IVs, what uses hath these implements? Right now there's a girl in my room chewing a dental dam. I don't want to embarrass her by explaining what they're really for. But maybe she has the right idea. The dam is versatile and shouldn't be restricted to its intended purpose. Latex is air tight. Keep that in mind when you consider the following suggestive uses:

With the aid of two first-years stretch a dam as tautly as you can. Then fill a condom with water and tie the mouth shut. Set yourself up on a balcony, pull back and sling shot that bomb across campus.

Or for the less conventional, remember to carry a pocketful whenever you go yellowbiking. Spring a leak? use a banana flavored dam as a tourniquet. Patch the hole and best of all you'll maintain the color scheme.

If you're like one of those very quiet hall kids, you may be more concerned with letting your hallmates study than with noisy, yet safe, sex. For you I suggest the dental dam quilt thatch. Needles and thread don't do nearly the harm of petroleum jelly.

Remember that when selecting your lubricant. You probably shouldn't make a complete blanket out of them though. Mainly because your tuition dollars go to refilling the bin, but in fact that blanket may get just a bit too warm. I'm thinking sweat out the extra pounds until you're dehydrated, and have to replenish the spirits warm. Think hangover-like symptoms.

Now allow me to relate a quick anecdote that I seem to feel epitomizes the true purpose of said dental dam. I was sleeping in a girl's bed the other night. Well, actually I wasn't sleeping I was trying really hard to fall asleep, but I couldn't. The girl on my arm was going to try to talk to me if I kept shuffling, and that was the LAST thing I wanted. I liked her about as much as Jerry Falwell likes Teletubbies. There, in hands reach, was a solution. Moving woke her, and she surged upward when she saw the latex sheet I had in my hand. Someone had an idea. It was me. And it was a damn good one. Instead giving her reason to moan or talk or thank me, I gave her a reason to spasm. I took that piece of rubber and stretched it across her face, cutting off the air. She wasn't going to do any more talking for a while.

Misogyny really won't help me much if I'm hoping to use the condom. Though it doesn't seem to hurt my friend John Coitus. He has an uncommon condition known as *Polyphallism*, it must not be that rare because there

BY SASHA HORWITZ, COLUMNIST

MORE ON NEXT PAGE

# MY SOUL SAYS OUCH: A SLAM POEM IN PROTEST

## BLAM, BLAM

Bombs burst in the shadowed air tonight.

Bombs that crash into my soul, spinning and spinning towards infinity

Bombs that fly at me with a selfrighteous rage, bursting into colors slapping my face like a frenchman's kiss, slamming into the ground in an orgasmic ectasy of colors, shapes, sounds.

My soul says OUCH, man—that hurt.

I feel my father's breath on my shoulder-hot and wet like a summer in NAM. MY father, dead these twelve long years as I had sat beside him, dead not in body but in spirit, in spirit—the MAN had gotten to him

The MAN—the MAN who gives me his Burgers and his Chocolate shakes and his TV sets and his bright-green-Reindeer ties—

And his HYPOCRISY

And his MEN—and his MEN that set aloft in their comfy chairs, their plush offices with their plastic plants and their plastic lives—his MEN that call their bosses sir and their secretaries by their surname in a somewhat respectful manner, but you know when they say

“Did I get any calls, Ms. Smith?”

They're thinking

**“I do not respect your gender, race, or political affiliation and I think of you only in one**

Dimensional

terms”

the men that push Pop tarts and Wheaties and Britney Spears and CHRISTIANITY while they kill with a flick of their shiny fingernails—with the pressing of a large red button.

The red button like a clown's nose. A happy clown. A well-fed clown. A clown of death.  
“eat up, son, it's the breakfast of Champions.”



OLSEN TWINS' NEW ALBUM...

**continuations**

are usually about two glove shaped condoms per bin. Even if he pisses off four members of the distaff side at one time, he's still covered if the fifth decides to stay.

For the future you only have to know these six simple rules taken from the Pleasure Plus booklet:

- 1)Handle with Care
- 2)Prepare for Pleasure
- 3)Pinch, Place, Unroll
- 4)Lube Up
- 5)Hold on Tight
- 6)Finish Right

Together we can make love a less painful process.





## Section ZOLE

# ZOLE FINALLY LOSES IT

BY MICHAEL ZOLE, COLUMNIST

**F**or those of you whose parents were unable to make it to Hampshire for the nonstop thrill-ride we call "Family & Friends Weekend", I took it upon myself to follow the festivities and do a write-up that you can send home to your parents so they won't have to come visit you anymore.

### Friday

Registration went off without a hitch from 8:30 a.m. to 5 p.m. All parents were subjected to thorough background and credit checks, with the majority of parents allowed to remain on campus. Beverages and snacks were available.

All day Friday, family members were encouraged to sit in on classes and meet with professors, as Admissions has better things to do than babysit your goddamn parents. Rather than repeatedly trying to make a Hampshire education seem worth \$30,000 a year, Hampshire's professors elected to hide in the FPH Faculty Lounge and watch parents wandering around, slowly realizing that Hampshire doesn't have any classes on Friday. Beverages and snacks were available.

The National Yiddish Book Center, which for some reason is located at Hampshire, held an open house. Many Hampshire students saw the interior of the center for the first time. A Hampshire third year student who declined to give his name said, "I had no idea Yiddish people even wrote books." Beverages and

unleavened snacks were available.

Dinner was held in the RCC, known for its booming acoustics and athletic-shoes-only dining. Anticipating that dialog between students and parents could be difficult and awkward, a group of Hampshire students provided a list of discussion questions, such as "How has the concept of 'terrorist' been racialized?" and "Why aren't you and Mommy living together anymore?" Music was provided by Hampshire alumni They Might Be Giants. Guitarist John Flansburgh described the cheesecake as "really fuckin' rich".

### Saturday

Saturday's registration was noticeably less orderly. Several parents, irritated about having to register twice, were taken by armed guards for interrogation beneath Cole. To quell further uprisings, the League of Terror – an organization formed by the school's deans – held a "must attend" panel on Hampshire's divisional system. Those who did not attend were severely punished.

Brunch was served at the Dining Commons at 10:30. To give Hampshire parents a false sense of security regarding their children's college diets, the College ordered Sodexo-Marriott to bring out Better Food, a product usually deemed too expensive to feed to students, for the duration of the weekend. This didn't happen. Card-taker lady Roberta angrily refused to compromise the artistic

integrity of the Dining Commons by serving Better Food, and vowed to continue giving the cans of Better Food to hungry children in Asia.

After the morning's numerous panel discussions, described by one visiting parent as "so boring I could plotz", the college organized several physical activities, such as an easy hike up Bare Mountain and a race to Northampton on yellow bikes. Most of the parents returned relatively unharmed.

The Farm Center closed out the day with the first annual Hampshire College Animal Slaughter. Approximately 70 sheep, 17 llamas, and 97 pigs were slain and roasted on a giant bonfire, with a grim warning from Greg Prince that "The slaughter will continue if you fuckers don't finish your Div I's on time." Rapper Kurtis Blow described the proceedings as "wack".

### Sunday

At 9 A.M. on Sunday, SOURCE hosted its annual "White Privilege Guilt-o-Rama". The festivities were cut short by the arrival of Gamera, giant turtle and friend of all children, whose fight with the demonic bird creature Gyaos had moved from Japan to the Pioneer Valley. Misunderstanding Gamera's motives, the Hampshire College Elite Guard hastily devised plans for destroying Gamera while the masses of friends and family ran panicked for shelter.

As Gamera waged his battle

MORE ON NEXT PAGE

# DEATH TO THE EXTREMIST XXI

by M. Zole

[www.zole.org](http://www.zole.org)

(theme music plays)

I AM ORDERING  
FLUFFERNUTTER  
VIA MY WEB  
BROWSER (OPERA).

I AM PUNCHING  
YOU, AND YET  
YOU DO NOT  
STAY PUNCHED.

1

2

1

2

1

2

YOU ARE ROCKING,  
AND AS SUCH I  
WILL REFRAIN  
FROM KNOCKING.

DO THE CRIME,  
AND YOU WILL  
BE OBLIGATED TO  
DO THE TIME.

TOO MUCH TALK,  
NOT ENOUGH ROCK.

1

2

1

2

1

2

I LOVE YOU, BUT  
I'M NOT IN LOVE  
WITH YOU.

I HAVE NO MOUTH  
AND I MUST EAT  
THE WHOLE DAMN  
BAG OF CHIPS.

1

2

1

2

1

2

ZOLE FINALLY LOSES IT

continuations

against Gyaos, Hampshire's Elite Kusanagi, who has a psychic link Guard issued the order to take to Gamera, convinced Greg Gamera down with high-powered Prince that Gyaos, not Gamera, "Condor" surface-to-air missiles. The situation looked grim until third-year SS major Asagi to defeat Gyaos, bringing peace

back to Hampshire college.

In conclusion, Family & Friends weekend was pretty cool. Please don't make me suffer through it again.





BY JEFF PATERNOSTRO, COLUMNIST

The next morning, early. I had a very odd dream last night. Lexxie and I were sitting in the anonymous Motel 6 room flipping through the TV stations. They certainly have an eclectic choice, HBO, but no UPN. I flipped past NBC and saw a file photo of myself plastered on the screen. Lou had died in the hospital, and there was a national man-hunt for me. Lexxie chuckled and turned to me.

"No statute of limitation on murder, is there?"

You know, if I am going to have anxiety dreams about this, they don't have to be so damn literal. I would much prefer my teeth falling out, or driving off a bridge. At least then I could have gotten back to bed.

I'm not usually prone to having interesting dreams. The most recent one I could recall occurred my Freshman year at college. It was all southern gothic, starring Julia Roberts in a dual role as twins {I blame my friend who made me watch *The Runaway Bride* earlier that day}. I think I played the role of the newspaperman discredited because of his political agenda, or the cop who got busted down for investigating where he shouldn't have. Anyway, it was chock full of incest and murder, all the usual staples of such a genre. Maybe I'll write a book about it someday.

I need an Egg McMuffin with cheese, some hash browns and orange juice. Lexxie left her car keys on the nightstand. That was silly of her, looks like I'll be a repeat offender then. But I do plan on bringing it back.

Joplin is very quiet at seven in the morning. Not much traffic except for cop cars. Hmm, this may be a bad idea. If I get pulled over. End of the graveyard shift, god I hope they've gotten coffee in their system. I wish I had gone back to sleep last night. Would help me think in complete sentences. Substitute coffee for OJ, maybe? Must stop thinking like Hunter S. Thompson writes.

Okay.

I don't even really like the java. I had a brief flirtation with it while my brother was at Wesleyan. There was a great little coffee place a few blocks from his campus, Klekolo's. They had espresso with all kinds of syrup shots and non-sequiterish names, which is great, if you like coffee that doesn't actually taste like coffee, which I do. I feel the same ways about the frappuccino, if only Starbucks wasn't evil. As much as I try to cast off my anti-corporate influences, I still can't drink Starbucks coffee. At least I learned to live with Wal-Mart. It was the only cheap department store near my college. When you screw up dyeing your hair in the dorm showers and need more towels, you have to weigh concerns about unfair labor practices against the need to have enough money so you don't live off irregular packets of Ramen for the rest of the semester.

Tangential things completed, the best part of Klekolo's was the 747. It was an awe-inspiring drink. Seven shots of espresso in four ounces of steamed milk. You could get a buzz just off the reputation. And the one you got from drinking it was only compounded by the psychosomatic li-

cense you gave yourself. They could have been serving us Sanka decaf and we still would have sped down Route 9 singing golden oldies along with the radios, while my friend Scott declares that "Earth Angel" is the greatest song ever written.

It truly was a vile tasting thing too. I had to add at least three packets of sugar to keep it down. Afterwards we would drive down to the gravel parking lot where all the popular kids met for their sexual liaisons in the backseats of their parents' cars. We'd do donuts in the parking lot, blast National Public Radio and crank and old-fashioned police siren that my friend Bob had found in his backyard one day. We tried to get the football players to chase us in their minivans, with usually limited success. We felt vindicated if they stopped macking with their girlfriends and try to at least follow us to the interstate.

I arrived back at the motel room two hours later with fresh McDonalds and a Barenaked Ladies tape. Thank god Best Buy opens early out here. No way I am spending twelve bucks for a tape. Lexxie had recently finished getting dressed and was reading a Kingsolver novel and looking smug as I entered with breakfast.

"I figured you'd be back."

"Such faith in a habitual criminal will only get you in trouble."

"Is that breakfast?"

"Yeah, and some music for the ride."

"I still don't see what is wrong with my car radio."

"I like something I know the words too. I like to sing along, it brings

## FEAR AND LOATHING IN JOPLIN, MO

me back to my days as a frontman."

"How cute, you were in a band in high school."

"Don't patronize me."

"What did you play?"

"I said I was a front man, not a musician. I can't play even basic chords, and I have full-on middle class white boy rhythm, but I was the only one of my friends who could carry a tune, so they made me lead singer of our little punk band."

"A punk band? When did carrying a tune become a prerequisite?"

"Well, okay, I guess technically we were puhpunk."

"What?"

"Pop-punk. When you say it fast, it's puhpunk. My friend Tim made it up"

"Is this the same one who owned the Dreamcast that altered world events when you played it?"

"So the legend goes. He was pretty pissed off about his portrayal in Jericho's book."

"He should be happy to be a peripheral character in a national bestseller. It's a form of immortality."

"Yeah, Jericho would say something like that."

I've surrounded myself with so many writers. I thought Jericho would be the last one of them to write a national bestseller. I always figured he'd go the unappreciated in his own time jazz artist route, in which our author gets shrugged off domestically, but gets a strong underground following in Europe, probably in France, or maybe Belgium, then gets the Pulitzer posthumously.

"Well, he did get panned by a lot of critics."

Believe me, I remember. One of the New Yorker's critics had referred to his style as 'J.D.-Lite.' So Jericho started posting under that name on Pro Wrestling message boards. It practically begged for someone to

exfoliate the layers of irony in an essay bashing literary critics, *Catcher in the Rye*, and Jericho.

"Why Jericho?"

"For being a elitist asshole."

"Ah."

"And the public ate him up. He was on the Today Show, didn't even shave."

"That's my Jericho."

Silence, awkward. I picked up on the upbeat.

"Anyway, I was also the best songwriter in the group {that was a blatant attempt at a transition, she'll suspect awkwardness, well, too late now}, as far as not littering the songs with in-jokes went."

"You were the most accessible."

"Something like that, though my songs were more emocore than punk."

"Okay, I got puhpunk, but you lost me at emocore."

"Music suburban teenagers rock out to in their Dad's Nissan Maxima."

"Like Rage Against the Machine or something."

"More like suburban teenagers who can't get a date."

"In other words, less about rebellion, more about self-indulgent whining."

"Yeah, you're in the ballpark. So in between my angsty, rambling lyrics, and the usual array of covers, we had a pretty nice set worked out. We were actually pretty good for a band that only cared about getting as many of our friends on stage as possible. Our shining moment of glory was in our high school's 'Battle of the Bands.'

"Wow, this is starting to sound like *Saved by the Bell*. Yes, a very warped *Saved by the Bell*."

"You don't know the half of it. Anyway, one of our covers was The Sweater Song."

"A teenage classic."

"Our school insisted that all bands submit their lyrics for all their songs up front. I guess they didn't want some group going on stage and saying 'fuck' a lot and poison our minds, until all we'd want to do is listen to Metallica and have knife fights."

"Seems reasonable."

"I have to ask Lexie, have you gotten tired yet of playing straight man to my world weary, sarcastic sense of humor?"

"Yeah, but then I remember you're twenty. And it makes it funny."

"{the girl doesn't miss a beat, an odd, derivative echo of my brother} So of course the school had trouble with said song's repeated use of the word, 'naked.'"

"So you went to school in the fifties?"

"Well, that would make our cover a lot more innovative, and a lot less of a cover."

"Catholic school?"

"Hah, in my family. If I wanted to rebel I would have joined the priesthood. No, I guess we were encouraging promiscuity or something. It clashed with the school's policy of putting free condoms in the bathroom."

"Would you finish the damn story before telling me the moral?"

"Well, we did the song anyway, only I added a lot of profanity for good measure. It would not be the first time a MacNally was suspended at my high school, nor would it be the last."

"You're a real rebel, Ray MacNally."

I didn't feel bad about the ending to the story. It had been told many, many times now. We took the song out of our set and replaced it with a punk version of "Fire and Rain." It got a standing ovation, but we still came in second to the Pink Floyd cover band.



# CREATURES OF VALLEY: VOL. 1

BY ERIN SNYDER, CONTRIBUTOR

## Elemental, Pot

Climate/ Terrain: Inner planes,  
Liberal Arts Colleges

Frequency: Common

Organization: Solitary

Activity Cycle: Any

Diet: Anything

Intelligence: Nil (0)

Treasure: See Below

Alignment: Neutral

No. Appearing: 1

Armor Class: 8

Movement: 8

Hit Dice: 5

THAC0: 16

No. of Attacks: 1

Damage/Attack: 4 - 20 (5d4)

Special Attacks: See Below

Special Defenses: See Below

Magic Resistance: nil

Size: L (10-12')

Morale: Fearless (19-20)

XP Value: 3,000

The Pot Elemental is native to the quasi-elemental plane of weed. Often the elemental will be drawn to the prime material plane in search of food. If encountered, a Pot Elemental will attack and try

to eat anything in its path. The creature looks like a large, moving pile of plant growth. Adventurers may mistake it for a "Shambling Mound." The Pot Elemental will move around randomly until it finds food.

**Combat:** In order to satiate its endless appetite, the Pot Elemental will attempt to devour anything, including adventurers. If it comes within 10 feet of a creature, it will strike out with its plant-like tentacles. Each hit does between 4 and 20 points of damage (5d4). The elemental is immune to sleep, hold, and charm based spells and effects and takes only half damage from cold based attacks. Likewise, bashing and piercing weapons will only do half damage to the beast. Electrical, acidic, and slashing weapons do normal damage. Fire based attacks will do double damage. In addition, once the elemental has taken over 10 hit points of damage from flame, it is "on fire." The elemental will continue to take 2d4 points of burning damage until it dies. Any creature it successfully hits will take 1d4 additional points of fire damage (for a total of 6d4). Further, once the Pot Elemental is on fire, all creatures within a 30 foot radius must save versus Rod, Staff, or Wand or be affected as though a confusion spell were cast (See Player's Handbook, p. 154).

**Habitat/Society:** The quasi-elemental plane of weed is so terrifying, that any who see it permanently lose 1d4 points of intelligence, are forever unable to think or speak coherently, give up bathing, and wear nothing but tie-dyed clothing. Pot Elementals have no social structure or society.

**Ecology:** A Pot Elemental will eat anything. Though it will not have any treasure, if killed, a Pot Elemental's body can be sold to hippies for 10 gp/hp.

## Squirrel, Dire

Climate/ Terrain: The Valley

Frequency: Very Common

Organization: Pack

Activity Cycle: Any

Diet: Carnivorous

Intelligence: Very (14-15)

Treasure: M x 2

Alignment: Lawful Evil

No. Appearing: 4d10

Armor Class: 3

Movement: 24

Hit Dice: 14

THAC0: 8

No. of Attacks: 3

Damage/Attack: 2d6/2d6/1d12

Special Attacks: Swarm

Special Defenses: nil

Magic Resistance: 30%

Size: S (1-2')

Morale: Fearless (19-20)

XP Value: 5,000

The Dire Squirrel is identical to the normal squirrel, encountered everywhere. Its appearance is deceiving, how-

ever, as the Dire Squirrel is a ferocious beast. Dire Squirrels hunt humans for sport, viewing them as lesser creatures. Even the bravest of adventures should think twice before combating these monsters!

**Combat:** In combat, a Dire Squirrel will rely mainly on its bite and two claw attacks. This tactic proves quite effective, and the squirrel is able to defeat its powerful foes with little difficulty. If there are 10 or more squirrels present, they may at-

MORE SQUIRREL NEXT PAGE

**CS Professor**

Climate/ Terrain: Any

Frequency: Uncommon

Organization: Society

Activity Cycle: Day or Night

Diet: Any

Intelligence: Genius (17-18)

Treasure: H x 4

Alignment: Any Chaotic

No. Appearing: 1d8

Armor Class: 10

Movement: 12

Hit Dice: 4

THAC0: 18

No. of Attacks: 1

Damage/Attack: By weapon

Special Attacks: See Below

Special Defenses: See Below

Magic Resistance: Nil

Size: M

Morale: Fanatic (17-18)

XP Value: 6,075

Obviously, the CS Professor is not naturally occurring. According to sages, it was either created in a magical experiment gone horribly wrong, or it was the work of Olidammara, the god of rogues. Though generally not hostile, if the CS professor is provoked it is far more dangerous than it first appears. CS Professors resemble normal humans in

appearance. Only if engaged in conversation will its true nature become apparent. CS Professors have an unnatural affinity for Star Trek and other science fiction. Some, it is said, are even familiar with RPG's, though no self respecting creature of even moderate intelligence would admit to such a thing.

**Combat:** A CS Professor will generally try to avoid combat. If this is impossible, it will reveal itself to be more than capable to defend itself. The creature's abilities come from its cunning, and its ability to create powerful devices, such as phase-pistols, death rays, and weather control devices. In addition, a CS Professor has a base 35% chance of having psionic powers (see D&D 3rd edition Psionic's Handbook, \$25). On the roll of a one or two on a d6, all CS Professors will be accompanied by 1-4 giant robots (AC 2/ 6 HD/ THAC0 15/ #att: 2/ 2d4). The robots will be under the complete control of the professor. They will have pinchers for hands, which do 2d4 points of bashing damage each. Further, if both attacks are successful, the robot has "grabbed" its victim, and may spend the next round shaking the hapless being for 1d12 points of shaking damage.

**Habitat/Society:** Though it is possible to encounter them in other locations, CS Professors generally are in one of three places. The easiest place to encounter them is in their home environment on the astral plane. One might also locate them in ASH. Finally, CS Professors will often gather for a meal in the "middle room."

**Ecology:** The CS Professor often seems out of place if encountered on the prime material plane. Though it will sometimes have a normal name, it is not uncommon for a CS Professor to have an unrealistic name, such as Mr. Mental or Dr. Spector. A small number of CS Professors are rumored to be Werewolves. In addition to their regular powers as a CS Professor, these also can turn into a wolf-man three times per day. (For werewolf statistics, purchase The Monstrous Compendium).

tempt a "swarm attack." When this is done, the squirrels will all attack the same target. Each Squirrel gets a +4 bonus to attack. If three or more squirrels succeed, the victim is prone, and unable to move beyond flailing helplessly. The squirrels can continue to keep the victim prone until less than three squirrels hit.

**Habitat/Society:** The Dire Squirrels live in the woods of the valley, as well as on Hampshire

campus. Generally they will created by strange chemicals refrain from hunting, as they are leaking out of Enfield. Others smart enough to realize that if have suggested that the "Dire they devour too many students, Squirrels" might be denizens the rest will leave. They hunt of a "nightmare plane" that an average of six or seven times crossed over into the prime a semester, and the missing material. The latter explanation is suspect, however, as students are usually attributed to a "low retention rate."

**Ecology:** No one knows for certain where the first Dire Squirrel came from. Some say it was a NS DIV I that went awry. Some claim they were More next issue!



# Good Lil' Omen Lass

**H**ere are some fun facts about me:

I was born February 24, 1982  
 I'm a Pisces  
 I'm from Northern California  
 I try to dress girly and shop at places like Old Navy  
 My favorite movie is *Fight Club*  
 and...

I absolutely love music that is considered alternative, rock, hard rock, and Numetal.

With that said, last night I went to the "Pledge of Allegiance" tour.

Bands that performed at the "Pledge of Allegiance" tour were: American Head Charge, Rammstein, System of a Down, and Slipknot. When it comes to the music I listen to and the concerts I go to, I'm constantly asked several things. Here are some of the more commonly asked questions:

What is it about this music that you like?

The fact that I listen to music that would be considered "angry" and full of curse words boggles the minds of some of my friends and family. The reason I listen to music like this is because it is often very difficult to express how upset or upset I am and end up stuffing it inside of me, frustrating me. When I listen to these

bands' lyrics, I am able to say, "Yeah, I feel like that too!". They're an outlet. It's such an adrenaline rush.

What's with your love of mosh pits?

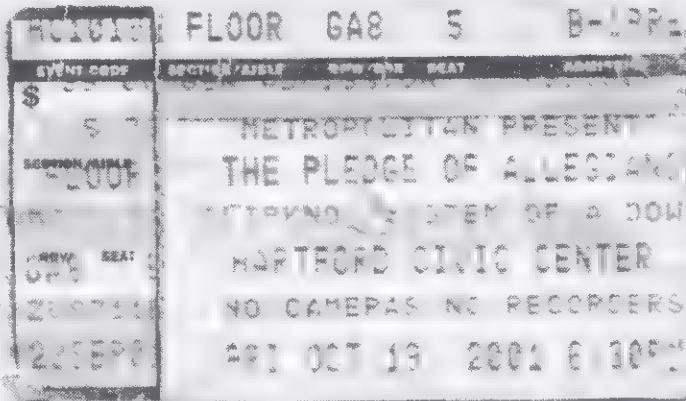
This question has a couple of mini-questions involved with it.

Why would anyone want to be sandwiched between a bunch of sweaty males and females that smell like pot smoke?

There's something about being at a venue where you're surrounded by people that share the same appreciation if not more of

you have to literally watch your back a lot. A couple of wrong moves and you can be trampled in a slam dance pit. You have to fend for yourself. You react in ways that you're not used to. You're not yourself.

In all honesty, I like these type of concerts because, for one night, I can forget about all the petty bullshit that I have to deal with day after day. I don't have to worry about drama back home with friends, I don't have to deal with the fact that I still haven't met up with this professor about a project that isn't going well, I don't have to deal with things that really shouldn't upset me, but do. When I'm listening to a band that I enjoy, I can think only about the music, the images I'm seeing, the looks on everyone's faces and the fact that I don't have to feel silly or awkward for jumping



an appreciation for the music that's being played. You're all there, not only to listen to music that you like but to feed off the excitement of others around you and help fuel the band and get them hyped.

What pleasure do you get out of getting hit with elbows and being pushed into slam dance pits in which you collide with people?

Once again, it goes back to the adrenaline rush. You're being put in a situation that you don't deal with on a regular basis. In a pit,

up and down and headbanging. So, that's what I did last night, October 19, 2001. I went to Hartford, Connecticut, watched three awesome bands, was elbowed, hit in the ribs, collided with three guys and had one of them fall right on me, and came back to Hampshire very sore but very, very happy.

Everyone should go to concerts like these. You might surprise yourself, you may like what you find.



## OH SO SORE...



## IT'S ALL IN THE HAIKU

I'm turning grown-up.  
I listen to NPR.  
And I keep cleaning.

It's so fucking loud.  
And it's almost two am.  
Don't make me hate you.

They don't quite get it,  
The thought of "other people,"  
Nor those people's things.

Breakfast with parents  
Oat meal, eggs at the Sit Down.  
The dog's in the car.

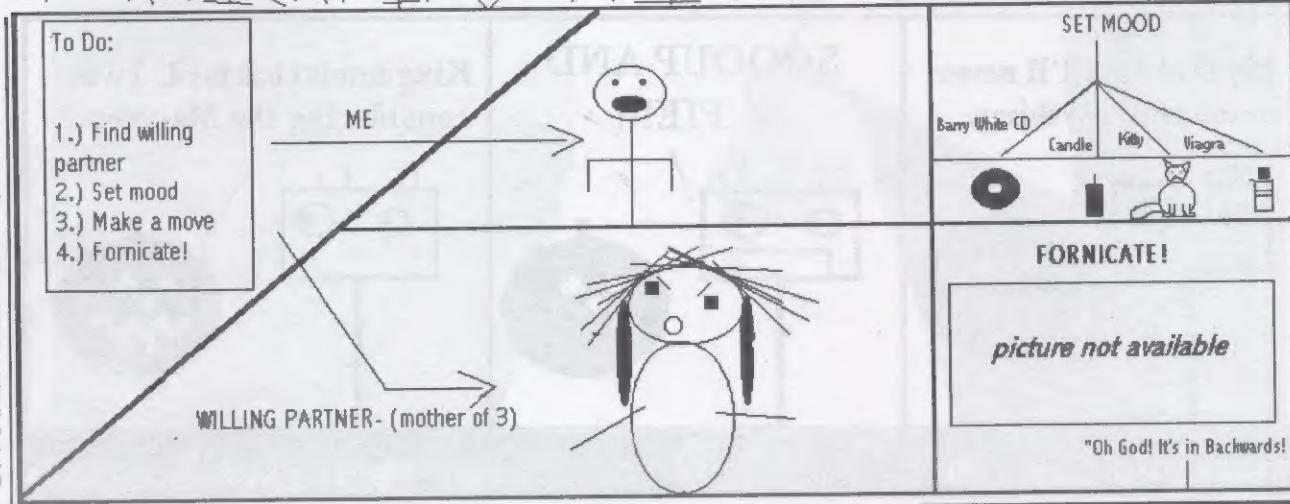
Soon I'll be aged.  
I'll grow blind, deaf, and senile.  
Decaying early.

I'm feeling different.  
I got a Blockbuster card,  
And can buy liquor.

Consideration  
Appears to be beyond them.  
Not that I'm surprised.



## FORNICATING WITH ME!





## I LIKE FUDGE

BY BETH DAY, CONTRIBUTOR

Here's my favorite really easy recipe for fudge, since I'm determined to submit two articles in a row for once. You make it in your microwave so even you Dakin kids can make it pretty easily since I'm sure most of you know someone with a microwave. When you mix everything up in the end, make sure you get all the chunks of confectioners sugar, butter, and cocoa broken up very well. It's easiest if you have an electric beater, but I've made it quite well without one as well. Enjoy!

### Microwave Fudge

1 box confectioner's sugar  
1/2 cup cocoa  
1/4 cup milk  
1/2 cup butter  
1 tbsp vanilla extract  
1/2 cup nuts (opt)  
1/3 cup peanut butter (opt)

Combine conf. sugar, cocoa, milk, and butter in glass baking dish

Microwave on High for 2 to 3 minutes or until butter is melted

Stir until smooth

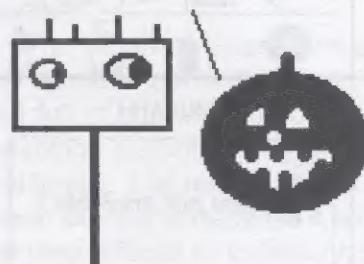
Stir in remaining ingredients

Spread in buttered 8-inch pan

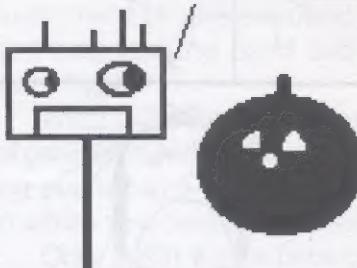
Cut into squares when cool.



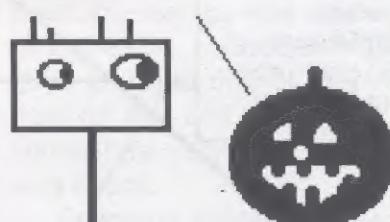
My Dad says I'll never amount to anything.



SOOOUP AND PIE!!!



Kingdomist bastard. I was considering the Marines.



Screamin' Steven

BY KARL MOORE, COLUMNIST

HELLO, HAMPSHIRE, YES! IN MY HIGH SCHOOLING FISICA CLASS, I LEARN ARCHIMIDES SAY 'GIVE ME A LEVER AND I WILL MOVE THE WORLD.' MUST NEED VERY LARGE LEVER, HA, HA, HA YES! SO, IS MY COSTUME HALLOWEENING!

ARCHIMIDES I!

(JUST KID! I  
STILL ROCCO  
SIFFREDI!)

MAKING  
NASTY LOVE,  
HAMPSHIRE!  
HAPPINESS  
HALLOWEEN!

RJ

By KARL MOORE, COLUMNIST

28 OCTOBER, 2001



# ON ACTIVISM

